

*Pro.* I likewise heare that *Valentine* is dead.  
*Sil.* And so suppose am I; for in her graue  
 Assure thy selfe, my loue is buried.  
*Pro.* Sweet Lady, let me take it from the earth.  
*Sil.* Goe to thy Ladies graue, and call hers thence,  
 Or at the least, in hers, sepulcher thine.  
*Jul.* He heard not that.  
*Pro.* Madam: if your heart be so obdurate:  
 Vouchsafe me yet your Picture for my loue,  
 The Picture that is hanging in your chamber:  
 To that ile speake, to that ile sigh and weepe:  
 For since the substance of your perfect selfe  
 Is else deuoted, I am but a shadow;  
 And to your shadow, will I make true loue.  
*Jul.* If 'twere a substance you would sure deceiue it,  
 And make it but a shadow, as I am.  
*Sil.* I am very loath to be your Idoll Sir;  
 But, since your falsehood shall become you well,  
 To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,  
 Send to me in the morning, and ile send it  
 And so, good rest.  
*Pro.* As wretches haue ore-night  
 That wait for execution in the morne.  
*Jul.* Hoff, will you goe?  
*Ho.* By my hallidome, I was fast asleepe.  
*Jul.* Pray you, where lies Sir *Prothelus*?  
*Ho.* Marry, at my house:  
 Trust me, I thinke 'tis almost day.  
*Jul.* Not so: but it hath bin the longest night  
 That ere I watch'd, and the most beaueit.

## Scena Tertia.

Enter *Eglamore*, *Silvia*.

*Eg.* This is the houre that Madam *Silvia*  
 Entreated me to call, and know her miade:  
 Ther's some great matter she'd employ me in.  
 Madam, Madam.  
*Sil.* Who calls?  
*Eg.* Your seruant, and your friend;  
 One that attends your Ladiships command.  
*Sil.* Sir *Eglamore*, a thousand times good morrow.  
*Eg.* As many (worthy Lady) to your selfe:  
 According to your Ladiships impose,  
 I am thus early come, to know what seruice  
 It is your pleasure to command me in.  
*Sil.* Oh *Eglamore*, thou art a Gentleman:  
 Thinke not I flatter (for I sweare I doe not)  
 Valiant, wise, remorse-full, well accomplish'd.  
 Thou art not ignorant what deere good will  
 I beare vnto the banish'd *Valentine*:  
 Nor how my father would enforce me marry  
 Vaine *Thurio* (whom my very soule abhor'd.)  
 Thy selfe hast lou'd, and I haue heard thee say  
 No griefe did euer come so neere thy heart,  
 As when thy Lady, and thy true-loue dide,  
 Vpon whose Graue thou vow'dst pure chastitie:  
*Sir Eglamore*: I would to *Valentine*  
 To *Mantua*, where I heare, he makes aboad;  
 And for the waies are dangerous to passe,  
 I doe desire thy worthy company,

Vpon whose faith and honor, I repose,  
 Vnge nor my fathers anger (*Eglamore*)  
 But thinke vpon my griefe (a Ladies griefe)  
 And on the iustice of my flying hence,  
 To keepe me from a most vnholly match,  
 Which heauen and fortune still rewards with plagues,  
 I doe desire thee, euen from a heart  
 As full of sorrowes, as the Sea of sande,  
 To beare me company, and goe with me:  
 If not, to hide what I haue said to thee,  
 That I may venture to depart alone.  
*Egl.* Madam, I pittie much your griuances,  
 Which, since I know they vertuously are plac'd,  
 I giue consent to goe along with you,  
 Wreaking as little what betideth me,  
 As much, I wish all good befotune you.  
 When will you goe?  
*Sil.* This euening comming.  
*Eg.* Where shall I meete you?  
*Sil.* At *Frier Patrickes* Cell,  
 Where I intend holy Confession.  
*Eg.* I will not faile your Ladiship:  
 Good morrow (gentle Lady.)  
*Sil.* Good morrow, kinde Sir *Eglamore*.

## Scena Quarta.

Enter *Launce*, *Prothelus*, *Julia*, *Silvia*.

*La.* When a mans seruant shall play the Cur with  
 him (looke you) it goes hard: one that I brought vp of  
 a puppy: one that I sau'd from drowning, when three or  
 foure of his blinde brothers and sisters went to it: I haue  
 taught him (euen as one would say precisely, thus I  
 would teach a dog) I was sent to deliuer him, as a pre-  
 sent to *Mistris Silvia*, from my Master; and I came no  
 sooner into the dyning-chamber, but he steps me to her  
 Trencher, and steales her Capons-leg: O, 'tis a foule  
 thing, when a Cur cannot keepe himselfe in all compa-  
 nies: I would haue (as one should say) one that takes vp  
 on him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all  
 things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault  
 vpon me that he did, I thinke verily hee had bin hang'd  
 for't: sure as I liue he had suffer'd for't: you shall iudge:  
 Hee thrusts me himselfe into the company of three or  
 foure gentleman-like-dogs, vnder the Dukes table: hee  
 had not bin there (bless the marke) a pissing while, but  
 all the chamber smelt him: out with the dog (saies one)  
 what cur is that (saies another) whip him out (saies the  
 third) hang him vp (saies the Duke.) I hauing bin ac-  
 quainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and  
 goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend  
 (quoth I) you meane to whip the dog: I marry doe I  
 (quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth I) 'twas  
 I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more adoe,  
 but whips me out of the chamber: how many Masters  
 would doe this for his Seruant? nay, ile be sworne I haue  
 sat in the stockes, for puddings he hath stolne, otherwise  
 he had bin executed: I haue stood on the Pillorie for  
 Geese he hath kil'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't: thou  
 thinkest not of this now: nay, I remember the tricke you  
 seru'd me, when I tooke my leaue of Madam *Silvia*: did  
 not

not I bid thee still marke me, and doe as I do; when did'st  
 thou see me heaue vp my leg, and make water against a  
 Gentlewoman's farthingale? did'st thou euer see me doe  
 such a tricke?  
*Pro.* *Sebastian* is thy name: I like thee well,  
 And will imploy thee in some seruice presently.  
*Jul.* In what you please, ile doe what I can.  
*Pro.* I hope thou wilt.  
 How now you whor-son pezzant,  
 Where haue you bin these two dayes loytering?  
*La.* Marry Sir, I carried *Mistris Silvia* the dogge you  
 bad me.  
*Pro.* And what saies she to my little Jewell?  
*La.* Marry she saies your dog was a cur, and tels you  
 currish thanks is good enough for such a present.  
*Pro.* But she recei'd my dog?  
*La.* No indeede did she not:  
 Here haue I brought him backe againe.  
*Pro.* What did'st thou offer her this from me?  
*La.* I Sir, the other Squirrell was stolne from me  
 By the Hangmans boyes in the market place,  
 And then I offer'd her mine owne, who is a dog  
 As big as ten of yours, & therefore the guift the greater.  
*Pro.* Goe, get thee hence, and finde my dog againe,  
 Or nere returne againe into my sight.  
 Away, I say: stayest thou to vex me here;  
 A Slaue, that still an end, turnes me to shame:  
*Sebastian*, I haue entertained thee,  
 Partly that I haue neede of such a youth,  
 That can with some discretion doe my businesse:  
 For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish Lowt;  
 But chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour,  
 Which (if my Augury deceiue me not)  
 Witnesse good bringing vp, fortune, and truth:  
 Therefore know thee, for this I entertaine thee.  
 Go presently, and take this Ring with thee,  
 Deliuier it to Madam *Silvia*;  
 She lou'd me well, deliuer'd it to me.  
*Jul.* It seemes you lou'd not her, nor leaue her token:  
 She is dead belike?  
*Pro.* Not so: I thinke she liues.  
*Jul.* Alas.  
*Pro.* Why do'st thou cry alas?  
*Jul.* I cannot choose but pittie her.  
*Pro.* Wherefore should'st thou pittie her?  
*Jul.* Because, methinks that she lou'd you as well  
 As you doe loue your Lady *Silvia*:  
 She dreames on him, that has forgot her loue,  
 You doate on her, that cares not for your loue.  
 'Tis pittie Loue, should be so contrary?  
 And thinking on it, makes me cry alas.  
*Pro.* Well: giue her that Ring, and therewithall  
 This Letter: that's her chamber: Tell my Lady,  
 I claime the promise for her heavenly Picture:  
 Your message done, hie home vnto my chamber,  
 Where thou shalt finde me sad, and solitarie.  
*Jul.* How many women would doe such a message?  
 Alas poore *Prothelus*, thou hast entertain'd  
 A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs;  
 Alas, poore foole, why doe I pittie him  
 That with his very heart despiseth me?  
 Because he loues her, he despiseth me,  
 Because I loue him, I must pittie him.  
 This Ring I gaue him, when he parted from me,  
 To binde him to remember my good will:  
 And now am I (vnhappy Messenger)

To plead for that, which  
 To carry that, which I  
 To praise his faith, which  
 I am my Masters true  
 But cannot be true seru  
 Vnlesse I proue false tr  
 Yet will I wee for him  
 As (heauen it knowes)  
 Gentlewoman, good d  
 To bring me where to  
*Sil.* What would ye  
*Jul.* If you be she, I  
 To heare me speake the  
*Sil.* From whom?  
*Jul.* From my Master  
*Sil.* Oh: he sends yo  
*Jul.* I, Madam.  
*Sil.* *Viola*, bring my  
 Goe, giue your Master  
 One *Julia*, that his chang  
 Would better fit his Ch  
*Jul.* Madam, please  
 Pardon me (Madam) I  
 Deliuier'd you a paper th  
 This is the Letter to you  
*Sil.* I pray thee let m  
*Jul.* It may not be: g  
*Sil.* There, hold:  
 I will not looke vpon yo  
 I know they are stuf wi  
 And full of new-found o  
 As easily, as I doe teare h  
*Jul.* Madam, he send  
*Sil.* The more shame  
 For I haue heard him say  
 His *Julia* gaue it him, ar  
 Though his false finger l  
 Mine shall not doe his  
*Jul.* She thanks you  
*Sil.* What said'st thou  
*Jul.* I thanke you Ma  
 Poore Gentlewoman, m  
*Sil.* Do'st thou know  
*Jul.* Almost as well a  
 To thinke vpon her woe  
 That I haue wept a hund  
*Sil.* Belike she thinks  
*Jul.* I thinke she doth  
*Sil.* Is she not passing  
*Jul.* She hath bin fair  
 When she did thinke my  
 She, in my iudgement, w  
 But since she did neglec  
 And threw her Sun-expe  
 The ayre hath staru'd the  
 And pinch'd the lilly-tin  
 That now she is become  
*Sil.* How tall was she  
*Jul.* About my stature  
 When all our Pageants c  
 Our youth got me to pla  
 And I was trim'd in Mad  
 Which seru'd me as fit  
 As if the garment had bi  
 Therefore I know she is  
 And at that time I made